

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

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The Weather.

Washington, June 26.—Forecast: South Carolina—Local thundershowers Saturday and probably Sunday.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;
In spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And troubles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

Meteorologically speaking, we have a kick coming.

The way to make a man acknowledge the corn is to tread on his toes.

Every town is talking of holding a county fair. All but one—Anderson.

Modern surgery has made painless every operation except taking the money.

Another way to make a man acknowledge the corn is to catch him at the still.

"Community Development" and "Business Success" are identical in meaning.

Lactic acid kills germs. Buttermilk is recognized as an antidote for auto-intoxication.

Dudes in London are said to be affecting hand bags. No wonder the suits are so close.

If the political campaign keeps up its disturbances, we may look for windstormy life long.

This is the open season, for bull moose in Canada. Teddy is hoping for a big season in 1916.

Where is my largest hat with the longest feathers and most flowers? I am going to the movies.

There's something doing in Anderson every day. Whose turn to build a new store tomorrow?

Despite the drought, Anderson county produced this year more small grain than ever in her history.

Bill Sulzer is a pessimist, so far as New York is concerned. He says he will be the next governor.

The income tax resolution was three years in passing. Some incomes are much slower in coming in.

The big oats contest here on the June trades day should be the best yet. Prizes aggregate \$250.

Following so many picnics, we expect to see price of butter go up. Yes, "they say" it will give relief.

Don't burn any trash on the farm. Make a compost. Even cornstalks have some manurial properties.

When a Philadelphia preacher gives up his pulpit to go on the stage, it seems that the stage must be slowing up.

The superintendent who found that 25 cent piece in the Sunday school collection said it came from an unexpected quarter.

Sheriff Joe Ashley has in his time captured a round dozen of those "hilarious" potholes as Col. Dave Humphreys calls the blockade stills.

The first Y. M. C. A. in this country was started in Charleston by Dr. Thomas Smythe, father of the distinguished Augustine Smythe who died Wednesday.

Keep On After The Blue Ridge

While there is not much probability of the Southern voluntarily taking up the proposition to complete the Blue Ridge, yet if the people of Anderson take up and urge it upon the management of the road there is a possibility that something may be accomplished. The completion of the road will not come of its own accord, although as a matter of equity and justice, the Southern should do something for this waif of a road which might become one of the best trunk lines in the country.

The proposition is that Anderson must have more and better railroad facilities. That much is settled. The people of this city will not be content to have Anderson deprived of railroad facilities sufficient to make this a great railroad terminus. We have heard a suggestion coming from Prof. Scott Murray, of Mercer University, that Anderson might get a connection with the Georgia Central by building to Athens and thus become a distributing center. The territory between Anderson and Athens has been much worked up over the need for a railroad splitting that rich, and yet untraversed country, and if the Interurban doesn't put the proposition through, some other proposition may forestall it.

The completion of the Blue Ridge, however, is the one great desideratum. It would put Anderson 84 miles nearer Knoxville and via Knoxville to the middle west. Do the people of Anderson realize what that 84 miles would mean to the city? The entire line from Anderson to Knoxville would be but 185 miles. That would mean a great reduction in the freight on shipments from the middle west. Not only Anderson, but Columbia and Charleston as well as intermediate points would enjoy this improved service. And but 60 miles remains to be built.

The road bed of the Blue Ridge is graded for a large part of the distance where no track has been laid, and much of the heavy work has already been done. There remains a short portion of the tunnel near Waihalla to be blasted out and when this is done, there would not be much trouble to get to Clayton, Ga., and if the Southern can do no more for the present, it might at least complete the Blue Ridge to Clayton. This would open

a wonderful summer resort country and we feel sure that it would spring into instant favor. The country around Clayton is said to be the most natural orchard in the world, and by building a railroad through there, farming and fruit growing would be given an impetus.

It strikes us that the opening of this line would appeal to Cincinnati and Chicago. They would be given a line with an easy grade all the way, and it would make commerce between this state and the middle west seem more natural. The South is getting out of the hands of Wall Street and the commerce of the south will some day leave New York.

In connection with this proposition, Mr. A. S. Farmer last year figured that in the saving on local freight alone, it would benefit Anderson about \$90,000 a year to have this line built through to Knoxville, not to mention attendant benefits. Here are some of the figures presented by Mr. Farmer:

Present rate on coal from Knoxville district to Atlanta \$1.35 per ton. Present rate on coal from Knoxville district to Anderson \$2 per ton. Our present consumption around Anderson per annum, 70,000 tons, saving of 65 cents a ton making a total \$45,500.
Present consumption of oil and oil products is 4165 tons, present rate to Atlanta, 61 cents, against 63 1-2 cents to Anderson, which would also make a saving of \$1,412.50.
Grain 2,000 tons.
Flour 4,000 tons.
Feed stuffs, 3,000 tons.
Hay, 1,000 tons.
Live stock, 2,000 tons.
Meat—Packing house products, 2,000 tons.
Vehicles, 1,000 tons.
Cotton factory products, 5,000 tons.
Total, 20,000 tons in which we should get a reduction of \$2 per ton, which would figure out \$40,000.
Total annual saving in freights, \$86,912.50.

We think the people of Anderson should not let up on this matter, but should ever keep in mind as the one great thing to be desired and to lose no opportunity, in fact to make every opportunity, to impress upon the heads of the great Southern railway that this line would build up and stimulate a great section of their territory, as well as to give direct benefits to the citizens along the proposed line.

Showing Good Sense About Utilities

The Daily Intelligencer has consistently taken the position that this city has been given a good contract for water and lights and that at this time municipal ownership would be a moral and financial blunder. We are glad that most of the thinking business men of the community are of the same mind that we are, and eventually the entire people of this community will come around to agree that the Southern Public Utilities company, while a good thing to attack in politics, is perhaps the greatest single factor in the development of Anderson.

Our principal reason for not favoring the ownership of these utilities is that it would be a poor business proposition. The city can today buy the water works system, but what in the world would we want with it? The theory of municipal ownership is perfectly beautiful, and as a matter of fact we believe in it, but who wishes to own something that is not only not profitable but is or would be a dead loss? The books of the company we are informed show that the water works company has never made a cent of money and at times has lost heavily. At present the company is engaged in putting in over \$25,000 in improvements. If the city owned the plant it would have to spend this money and besides there are other improvements and extension work to be done later.

If the city should take over the water plant, not only would the city be subject to liability for damages, and would have to pay the interest on the bonds, but it would also have to lose the taxes that the company is paying to the city and to the county. That is an item which would offset any chance of the city's reducing the rates on water, and all that the city would have by such a transaction would be the nominal ownership of an expensive plant, the upkeep of which might be a great expense in the future.

The policy of this paper is that it would be poor economy to tie up the city to the stake of bonded indebtedness for something which would really be of no direct benefit to the people. If any other company could come in here and give better service at the same rates, let them do it. This is not an exclusive franchise. But we believe a comparison will show that Anderson is getting good, pure water at a very low rate.

On the other hand the city by becoming indebtedness of the same amount could pave streets which would improve the whole appearance of the city, cause real estate values to rise and make this a city which

would attract home seekers. It will not be easy to get Anderson to develop much more until she has paved streets. That is our proposition and our whole proposition. That while we concede that municipal ownership is a very good thing, a desirable thing in fact, it would be unprofitable, and therefore a needless expense, preventing us from getting other things that we need badly.

From the yarns that have been told upon it, the Southern Public Utilities company is not popular here with some who jump at conclusions, and it is not a popular thing, perhaps, for us to champion the cause of these people, and we are not doing it because of the company, which is well able to take care of itself, or should be, but our interest is for the upbuilding of the city of Anderson. People who talk the loudest about municipal ownership would vote against it when they understood the proposition and realized that it would be a costly experiment for Anderson.

This happened in Winston-Salem last week. There was an agitation there to vote bonds to buy the electric light plant from the Southern Public Utilities company. It met with favor at first, but the more the people thought of it the more they became convinced that the municipality could not compete with a company in that line of business and they voted down the bond issue for purchasing the plant, but showed that the community was not niggardly by voting bonds for a larger amount for school purposes and for sewerage, etc., things a public utilities corporation could not do for them. The editorial on this page from the Winston-Salem Journal, along the same lines as one from the Twin-City Sentinel, which we quoted yesterday, shows the sentiment of the people. The people wanted municipal ownership, but saw it was inexpedient and expensive, and it has confidence in the Southern Public Utilities company. Winston, as Greenville and other smart cities, realizes that a company of this kind will spend money most freely where the spirit of the people is progressive and where the threat of the pessimist is not an impending danger to investments.

The vote for other bonds was \$13 against 34; for the municipal ownership proposition, 336 against 593.

William Rockefeller must know something awfully important. Every time he is wanted as a witness a dozen doctors swear he is a "mighty sick man."

“I HAVE BEEN GOVERNOR!”

(Columbia Record.)
“I have been governor for the past three years and nobody else has been,” said Governor Bleas at St. Matthews. Yes, Mr. Bleas has been governor for the past three years and, in the meantime, almost every part of the machinery of government has been meddled with, disorganized, put out of gear or broken down completely.

The governor has interfered with the co-ordinate departments of government, the judiciary and the legislature, with the result of gravely impairing their dignity and capacity for usefulness.

He has interfered with and impaired the effect for good of the work of the judges and juries of the state by turning out of the state penitentiary over twelve hundred convicts sent there to expedite crimes of the most aggravated character, running the entire gamut from murder to burglary and larceny.

He has interfered with the discipline of the military arm of the government, with the result of disorganizing the national guard and causing the withdrawal from South Carolina's volunteer troop not only all financial aid and military supplies on the part of the federal government, but the humiliating revocation of the invitation that had already been extended to our soldiers to participate in the annual encampment and school of instruction.

He has interfered with the administration of the affairs of the state hospital for the insane, with the result of driving from it the able, trusted and experienced head of it and his woman assistant (demonstrated to have been the most faithful and efficient member of the staff) leaving that with its hundreds of afflicted inmates, to the protection and care of the least efficient. (And, by the way, when the campaigners open up on the asylum subject, as we believe, they inevitably will in this campaign “before many more moons,” something is going to break loose in South Carolina, or we are no prophet.)

The governor has interfered with the state treasury and its method of raising revenue to keep the wheels of government going, with the result that this state is confronted with the prospect of an absolutely empty treasury in August and the probability of the general assembly having to be called together in extra session to repair the blunder brought about by his veto.

Mr. Bleas has “been governor and nobody else has been” and he has tried to be the chief cook, dish washer and everything else beside, and if he had three more years in the office and kept on his record, we believe he would be able to boast that he had wiped South Carolina from the map of the sovereign and self-governing sisterhood of the union.

Abraham Baldeath, who thinks one of his flock of fifty chickens swallowed a two-karat diamond lost from his ring in Jersey City, says he will kill the entire flock to recover the stone.

Dr. Rudolph Heym will attempt a novel method for treating heart trouble when four patients will be sent up in a captive balloon at Cleveland to sleep all night 3,000 feet above the earth. Dr. Heym will accompany the patients.

Six men with wooden legs were sworn in as witnesses for John Collins, twelve, against the Holyoke Street Railway Co. The boy lost his leg in an accident. The wooden-legged witnesses will testify concerning their earning capacity before and after the loss of a leg.

After 56 years' service as a maid in the home of Mrs. Frederick Leffert's in Belmar, N. J., Ellen Egan, 82, is dead.

Believing the name of the town of Little Neck, N. Y., is too suggestive of a certain species of clam, residents have started an agitation to have it changed.

Miss Elizabeth Eltonette's skirt would permit her to commit suicide in New York. She had leaped into East river following a quarrel with her brother, but the skirt buoyed her up until a policeman rescued her.

Long pleated tunic skirts and flame vells are the latest novelties in the Atlantic City boardwalk fashion parade.

The mothers' congress in Philadelphia has started to establish a censorship on suggestive popular songs.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK
J. Hope Smith, Bard of Poplar Tent, Talks Poetically of Concord Fishermen.

Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.
Concord fishermen have won a nook in the fishermen's hall of fame. Their activities and success at the time-honored sport have caused J. Hope Smith, the bard of the Poplar Tent, to break into poetry and immortalize Dave Fowlke's catch of a 35-pound carp in verse. They have pulled the inhabitants of Rocky River, Cold Water, Coddle and Buffalo to the banks of such an alarming rate that they have now centered their activities on the Catawba and their action has created a panic among the fishes of the stream as these lines will show:

Fisherman's Luck.
Said the cat to the carp, in the Catawba River,
“Where are you going this beautiful day?”
Said the carp, “I am off to the ocean.”
For I've got to keep out'er Dave Fowlke's way.”

Said the cat to the carp, “I think you are clever,
And I want to go with you, for I see very plain,
If all of us fishes don't get out'er this river,
Those Concord fellows will drive us in-sane.”

By The Way

Some people are always worrying lest they should lose their reputations. Some people don't know what's good for them, says Uncle Ezra.

“Wanted Cats—Delivered at this office. Price paid in advertising.” The foregoing ad was submitted by the mechanical force, cats to be used in testing molten metal.
“You stick the cat's tail in the molten metal.” It was explained, “and if smoke comes up it is ready to stereotype.”
Pretty hard on the cat, of course.

Last Sunday I took a joy ride on an Anderson college car. The car was crowded, both sides being filled with children. I stood up. Some special gathering out here, I thought. After a little while a man and woman left it, and were closely followed by the entire troop. If I hadn't stayed aboard the car would have been empty. At that late hour, I noticed the family resemblance. Inhabitants are helping Anderson grow.

We haven't time to play doctor to the eyes of our contemporaries. Here's a recent headline in The Intelligencer: “John D. Lends Deaf Optic.” Wouldn't a thought John would a-one that, would you now?

One tiny bird's peep must have awakened him, for his eyes fluttered open and the little song—just a formless twittering, fell on his ear. Soon a catbird took up a raucous note and the two aroused themocking bird. Ha, that song weaving liquid quality into the coarser fabric. It was the same old mocking-bird which used to sit in the huge old spreading oak tree right near the kitchen, when mother dreamed in the eveningtime and called it her bird. Came the sounds of the barnyard and the sleeper was wide-awake and all the world was young, joyous and sweet.

Life seemed fresh on his lips and cheek, and a youthful heart pumped intoxicating delight to every fibre of his being. Once again it was play time and the woodland was full of the castles and knights and kings on their thrones. The way was long to grandmother's and her scrubbing cloth as fiercely rasping on tender, dirty legs when night was there. How thirsty he was and there was a cool drip, drip, of the crystal water from the long iron bucket drawn fresh from the deep, narrow well. He must tilt that bucket and drink deep of its contents.

The song of the mocking bird ceasing? Yes, it was gone. He came back from 20 years ago with a twinge of fevered, aching head. The home with the iron bucket of dripping, silver life was far away. The grandmother was buried in the graveyard where the cedars and pines nearly hide the gray, little white church. The mother no longer dreamed on the kitchen stoop under the spell of song. Life was not fresh on lip or cheek and the blood pumped through an aching body was filled with the lassitude of age. Love was dead. The world was, O, so old, old.

THE NOMAD ARCHER

Sneaking Nomad Cupid is Wanders all around, Homeless ever Cupid is May anywhere be found.

Taken a liking to you Snoops about a bit Wings a dart or two Then decides to flit.

The little devil has even found time to sneak around this print-shop.

ABBEVILLE POLITICS

Some Good Men Urged to Run For The Legislature.

Abbeville Medium.
Candidates are slow in announcing in Abbeville county. So far only two have announced, Messrs. Mara and Nickles for the senate. Several names have recently been mentioned for the house, but it is not known whether any of them will agree to make the race or not. The friends of Mr. W. P. Greene, and R. L. Barmore are urging them to offer. Mr. Greene is one of the best lawyers in the Piedmont section of the State and would make a fearless representative and would work for the interests of the people regardless of the consequences. Mr. Barmore is a successful farmer and many people would like to see him make the race. Hon. F. C. Robinson, of McCormick will be in the race again while it is reported that Hon. M. J. Ashley will not run this year on account of pressing business.

A rumor was published in an afternoon paper recently that Sheriff Lyon had received a nice federal appointment and that Mr. Ashley would be appointed Sheriff to succeed him. It is a fact, however, that Sheriff Lyon has not received the appointment, though he is likely to if the new federal district is ever created. There is no doubt but that Mr. Ashley is an applicant for the place in case he does get the appointment or at least, was an applicant sometime ago.

The only officers to be elected in this county this year are Senator, 3 members of the House, Treasurer, Auditor, Judge of Probate. Magistrates will be elected for each township. Mr. Lawson, Superintendent of Education holds over until 1916.

South Carolina News

The body of L. S. Boulware, who disappeared from Fort Mill several days ago, was found yesterday. It is thought that he committed suicide.

Samuel McGowan, a native of Laurens, has been appointed chief paymaster of the navy by Secretary Daniels.

C. J. Shannon, Jr., of Camden, is the new president of the South Carolina State Bankers' Association, which closed its convention at the Isle of Palms yesterday.

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“The Store with a Conscience”

TRIUMPHANT TWIN-CITY

(Winston-Salem Journal.)

The splendid victory for bonds in the election here yesterday shows the splendid progressiveness of Winston-Salem and proves conclusively two things: firstly, that the people realize the rapid expansion of city affairs and the corresponding necessity of making preparations for that expansion; secondly, that the people in Winston-Salem desire as far as possible to encourage outside capital to the city to aid in its progress and a disposition to treat all fair and just, corporations as well as individuals.

Not only will the many things to be done with the money secured from the sale of bonds benefit Winston-Salem and its people, increase the sanitary, educational, and other conditions here, but the election yesterday showed

that the people of Winston-Salem believe that the local public service company will make good all of its promises and those who know the high character of the gentlemen at the head of that company know it.

When the new company came into this community, with almost unlimited capital at its disposal, its policy was one of progressiveness and the manner in which it went about its business here gave all the impression that its ideal was to keep pace with the progress here and to do its part in the development of this community. That it has done that cannot be denied and that it will continue to play a prominent part in the upbuilding of this city goes without saying.

It was a great victory from all viewpoints and one that will materially advance Winston-Salem in its race cityward.

On the other hand, there was a refreshing minimum of the kind of stupid and wearisome would-be funny monologue and dialogue which has been so depressing a part of many Winter Garden shows of late.

The waits between the “set pieces” (as it were) were rather brief and rather cheerfully employed. Yet the final curtain did not fall till nearly midnight.

Naturally, the effects included an Oriental scene, tribute to “Omar” and “A Thousand Years Ago”; another, reminiscent of Pavlova's visit with her company; another, featuring with Scots, lassies with knees, plaids and bonnets, for the sake of “Kitty McKay.” “The Queen of the Movies,” and “The Girl on the Film” furnished a composite scene—and so on. There was also a eugenic gymnasium scene—with more knees on display—it was the display scene of the evening, in fact—and the usual walking of the gangplank across the orchestra by the corymbes. The most hearty applause of the evening went to a slender young woman called on the program Marjorie Miller, who, smiling, gaily, danced with aplomb and agility, and did imitations only fairly, Jose Collins sang a barbershop Shilren and a great many other things. Ethel Amorita Kelly furnished the figure part of a number of daring and picturesque costumes; Harry Fisher was the chameleon; self, Berard Granville, George W. Menroe, T. Roy Barnes, Frances Demarest and Mariel Window each contributed. But what do individuals matter—the show's the thing.—The Evening Post.

A patent has been granted a Dresden inventor for an application of the principles of the thermionics for the direct production of electric energy from coal without the intervention of a boiler, engine or dynamo.